

## Sorry not Sorry

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## Sorry not Sorry

by Anonymous

### Summary

Dream's phone pinged for the 12th time today as he sat at the lunch table with his friends. He sighed as he took it out to check.

"Who's that?" George asked, leaning over to see Dream's phone.

Dream handed his phone over to his boyfriend. "Some guy I met at the coffee shop this morning. I think he was trying to ask me out."

George scrunched up his nose as he read through the messages. "Why did you give him your number?"

"I didn't, that's the scary part."

### Notes

Nelone guessed the song right from my last fic so this is the prompt they chose for me to write "how about a one shot based on the date Wilbur and dream have (George's ??? Tweet haha) something like jealousy? Idk" So here it is

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"I didn't, that's the scary part."

"Dude that's kinda creepy." Sapnap interjected. "Maybe you should call the police."

"I think I know how he got it though." Dream replied as he poked the cafeteria mashed potatoes with his fork. "After I left, this 12 year old came up and asked if I played minecraft, cause I was wearing my creeper hoodie. I said yes and he asked for my number so we could play sometime."

"So you're saying this guy either manipulates 12 year olds or was stalking you and pinned the kid in an alleyway after to get your number." Sapnap speculated.

"Well it sounds bad when you say it like that." Dream acknowledged. "He seemed cool, and he was kind of cute, british accent too. I might have given him a chance if I wasn't already taken."

"Do you have a thing for british accents?" Sapnap asked. Dream didn't bother responding.

"He wants to know if you want to get pizza hut with him and his brother." George relayed the information from the text. "Nevermind he said his brother's not coming." He passed the phone back to Dream.

Dream took the phone. "I'm gonna ask him if he's paying."

Sapnap leaned over to look at the phone. "You can't seriously be thinking of going, this guy could be a serial killer for all we know."

"I carry a knife and took martial arts when I was six, I'll be fine." Dream reasoned. A white text bubble appeared on the screen. "He's paying. I'm gonna go."

"Wow Dream I can't believe you're cheating on me." George joked.

Dream laughed. "I'm sorry babe, but free pizza trumps my heart. Besides, he never said it was a date, we could just be two dudes getting pizza as friends."

"You're friends with a child labour exploiter." Sapnap remarked.

"That's a bit of an exaggeration Snapmap." Dream said. "So George, you don't mind if I go right?"

George sighed, understanding the allure of free pizza. "You can go, just bring back a piece for me."

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"What are you doing with my phone." Wilbur asked, walking out of his room to find Tommy sitting on the kitchen floor holding his iPhone in his hands.

"You remember that boy you failed to pick up in Starbucks this morning?" Tommy asked.

Wilbur sighed. "Don't remind me."

"Weeeell, after you left I got his number and have been texting him from your phone as you since." Tommy explained.

"Why would you do that." Wilbur asked, a little offended that his brother thought his love life was so disastrous he had to step in. "He's going to think I'm a creep."

"Well you couldn't even get his number so maybe you should thank me for getting you this far." Tommy jeered.

Wilbur sighed, pinching his temple between his fingers. "So what's he saying?"

"I just asked if he wants to get pizza hut with you and me." Tommy replied.

"What? You're not coming with us."

"Why don't I get pizza?" Tommy asked, feeling as if he had just been wronged.

Wilbur crouched down to face Tommy. "Look, I'll buy you pizza later, just please do not come, I can't be dumped again because of you."

Tommy sighed. "Fine. And you were dumped all those other times because of you, not me." He typed out another text and they both waited in silence, watching the screen of the phone for a reply.

"He asked if you're paying."

"Yes."

Tommy sent the message. Not too long after, the three dots on the white text bubble replaced themselves with a 'sure'.

"Yeeeeeeeees!" Wilbur yelled, putting his hands up in the air.

"You owe me pizza." Tommy reminded.

"Mum! I got a date!" Wilbur proclaimed loudly, yelling to the floor above.

Phil leaned over the second floor landing. "Great! But please stop calling me mom!"

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"So why are we here again?" Bad asked as they hid in the bushes, looking into the window of the nearest pizza hut.

"To make sure that Dream isn't kidnapped by a child enslaver." Sapnap replied, peering through the binoculars. "And George doesn't want his boyfriend stolen."

Bad looked to the left and saw George, laying on a low tree branch, staring through the window with his own binoculars. "Don't you muffins think this is a bit, extreme?"

"I think Dream just laughed at something this 'Wilbur' guy said." George stated, assuming that 'Wilbur' was this guy's name since it was the contact name on his boyfriend's phone.

"I saw it too." Sapnap replied. "Theories?"

"He's into him."

"George!" Bad almost yells. "You know that Dream wouldn't do that!"

"I agree." Sapnap said flatly, completely ignoring Bad. "You brought tranquillisers right?"

"Tranquillisers, sleeping pills, hydrogen peroxide, you name it."

"You guys are scaring me." Bad said, a little afraid.

"Wilbur's leaning forward." George reported, jumping off the tree branch. "I can't take this anymore, I'm going inside."

"Wait! Oh my goodness what are you going t-

Sapnap grabbed Bad by his hoodie as he started running after George. "Come on."

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"So I was wondering," Dream said as he took another bite of his pepperoni pizza. "How did you get my number?"

Wilbur scratched the back of his neck nervously as he began to sweat. "Actually, my younger brother saw me talking to you and decided to get it for me."

"Oh! The 12 year old that asked me about Minecraft?"

"Yeah, he's actually 14 but gets mistaken for 12 a lot." Wilbur admitted.

Dream laughed in amusement. "Your 14 year old brother had to get my number for you?"

Haha not only your number, he also texted you and asked you out for me, Wilbur thought. "Yeah, he thinks I need help with my love life." He bit his pizza, trying not to think about that subject.

"So," Dream asked, "How has your love life been?"

Wilbur grinned, leaning forward. "Actually, it's going pretty good right now, seeing that I'm wi-

The doors suddenly slammed open with a loud bang as George walked in. He looked around, making eye contact with Wilbur as he walked towards him.

"George why are you-

Dream didn't even finish his sentence before Sapnap ran inside, towing Bad behind him. The latter yelled, "George! Oh my goodness please do not kill anybody!"

"Who do you think you are." George says, crossing his arms and looking down at Wilbur.

Wilbur stood up, matching George's pose. "Taller than you at least."

"Oi, Yer think yor fuckin' funny, then, eh? Tea leaf."

"Quite right, I do. Fockin' radio rental."

At this point they were attracting stares from everyone else in the restaurant. The staff carried on with their work, not being paid nearly enough to split up two angry, arguing Brits.

"Oh yeah, bruv? Yer sure 'bout that?" George took out the tranquilliser needle.

"Oh my goodness George do not!" Bad yelled as he hurried to restrain the boy.

George yelled in surprise as Bad tackled him, both of them hitting the wooden floorboards with a loud bang. The two of them struggled against each other for a while.

Sapnap stared in disbelief. He wasn't sure whether to help George or Bad.

Dream stood up from his seat as everyone paused to look at him. "Can someone please explain to me whAT IN THE FUCK is going on?!"

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Wilbur sighed, lying face down crying on the kitchen floor. "He wasn't even interested in me, he just wanted free pizza! Can you believe that!"

Tommy groaned in annoyance. "Yes Wilbur, I can. Now can you please just shut up?"

"He wasn't even single!"

Phil sighed, bending over to pat Wilbur's back. "I called Dave, he'll be here in about 30 minutes so try to get yourself presentable because we're going out for ice cream."

"So do I still get pizza?" Tommy asked.

"No."

## End Notes

why is this my most kudosd fic. why not like the 8 other normal ones. why the psychotic bf has a london accent catfight in a pizza hut.

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